

Or, if an age, it is a moment still ;
 A moment, or eternity's forgot.
 Then be, what once they were who now are gods ;
 Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies.
 Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass ?
 The soft transition call it, and be cheer'd :
 Such it is often, and why not to thee ?
 To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise ;
 And may itself procure what it presumes :
 Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduced ;
 Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
 " Strange competition ! "—True, LORENZO ! strange !
 So little life can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
 Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres :
 Through chinks stiled organs, dim life peeps at light ;
 Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day ;
 All eye, all ear the disembodied power.
 Death has feign'd evils nature shall not feel ;
 Life, ills substantial wisdom cannot shun.
 Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven !
 By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd ?
 By death enlarged, ennobled, deified ?
 Death but entombs the body ;—life the soul.

" Is death then guiltless ? how he marks his way
 " With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine !
 " Art, genius, fortune, elevated power !
 " With various lustres these light up the world,
 " Which death puts out, and darkens human race."
 I grant, LORENZO ! this indictment just :

The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror !
 Death humbles these ; more barb'rous life, the man :
 Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay ;
 Death of the spirit infinite—divine !
 Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts ;
 Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves :
 No bliss has life to boast, till death can give
 Far greater ; life's a debtor to the grave,
 Dark lattice ! letting in eternal day.

LORENZO ! blush at fondness for a life
 Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
 To cater for the sense ; and serve at boards
 Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
 Each reptile justly claims our upper hand :
 Luxurious feast ! a soul—a soul immortal
 In all the dainties of a brute bemired !
 LORENZO ! blush at terror for a death
 Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
 Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
 And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
 And eternize the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
 What need I more ? O death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, death ! thy dreaded harbingers
 * Age and disease ; disease, though long my guest
 That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life,
 Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell
 That calls my few friends to my funeral ;
 Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear ;
 While reason and religion, better taught,
 Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb